SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS

NOV.
NO. 356

12¢

ACTION COMICS

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

FEATURING...

"SON OF THE ANNIHILATOR!"

THE KID WITH THE SUPER-FISTS!

YOU HEARD ME, *SUPERMAN!* TAKE THOSE HANDCUFFS OFF MY POP OR I'LL BLAST YOU LIKE THIS MONUMENT!

SKULLS

SUPERMAN

TM. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SUPERMAN...COWED BY A PUNK IN A LEATHER JACKET? IMPOSSIBLE, YOU SAY? BUT THIS IS NO ORDINARY KID... THIS IS THE T.N. TEEN WITH THE DYNAMITE DUKES... THE EXPLOSIVE ADOLESCENT CALLED... "The SON OF THE ANNIHILATOR!"

BETTER GET OUT OF WASHINGTON FAST, SUPERMAN! OTHERWISE, MY SON WILL KILL YOU... WITH HIS BARE HANDS!

AND... HE CAN DO IT!

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IN THE SECRET LAIR OF METROPOLIS' MOST WANTED CRIMINAL...

AND NOW A NEWS FLASH!... LAST NIGHT THE ANNIHILATOR STRUCK AGAIN...BLASTING THE VAULTS OF THE METROPOLIS STOCK EXCHANGE... SUPERMAN FAILED TO RESPOND TO THE EMERGENCY...

SUPERMAN... HA, HA, HA! THAT CREAM PUFF!

HE'S TOO CHICKEN TO FACE ME! HE'D FLIP IF HE KNEW THE SOURCE OF MY SUPER-STRENGTH!

DAILY PLAN

ANNIHILATOR ORDERS SUPERMAN TO LEAVE EARTH

ARCH-CRIMINAL'S EXPLOSIVE STRENGTH PUZZLES SCIENTISTS

THERE'S MY SECRET... THESE THREE WEIRD CHEMICALS FROM SUPERMAN'S HOME WORLD, KRYPTON!

I, KARL KELLER, NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING BIOCHEMIST, USED THEM TO MAKE MYSELF EARTH'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL!

"IT STARTED MONTHS AGO, WHEN I WAS A SLAVE LABORER IN AN IRON-CURTAIN COUNTRY PRISON CAMP, CONDEMNED FOR SPEAKING AGAINST MY RULER...

A SPACE ROCKET... IT MUST HAVE PLUMMETED INTO THE EARTH LONG AGO. BUT WHAT ARE THESE CHEMICALS IT CARRIED?

"I DISCOVERED THE CHEMICALS WERE FORBIDDEN HYPER-EXPLOSIVES LAUNCHED INTO SPACE FROM KRYPTON BEFORE IT WAS DESTROYED. AS A BIOCHEMIST, I FOUND IT SIMPLE TO USE THE LIQUID EXPLOSIVES TO ALTER MY MOLECULAR BODY STRUCTURE..."

IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT, I'LL SOON BE A FREE MAN!

"AND IT WORKED!"

ARRRR! THAT WEIRD GLOW ON MY FISTS SHOWS THE EXPLOSIVES HAVE TURNED THEM INTO LIVING BOMBS!

MY BODY IS LIKE A KING-SIZE BOTTLE OF NITRO-GLYCERINE! I CAN RIP THROUGH MY PRISON WALLS LIKE CREPE PAPER!

BARRRAMM!

KAPOWW!

AND NOW THAT I'M FREE, I'LL USE MY DESTRUCTIVE STRENGTH TO GET REVENGE ON THE WORLD . . . AND ON *SUPERMAN*, THE SO-CALLED "DEFENDER OF THE WEAK"! WHERE WAS HE WHILE I ROTTED IN THAT LABOR CAMP?

AH! I FEEL THE CATACLYSMIC POWER INCREASING WITHIN ME!

NOW, TO PREPARE FOR MY NEXT MARAUDING MISSION AS *THE ANNIHILATOR!*

HA, HA! LET THE WORLD... AND ESPECIALLY *SUPERMAN*... BEWARE OF *THE ANNIHILATOR!*

SOON AFTERWARD IN THE METROPOLIS RAILROAD YARD...

IT'S *THE ANNIHILATOR!* HE'S BLASTING THE ARMORED EXPRESS CAR!

KABLAAAAAMM!

POWWW!

THERE'S MILLIONS IN CURRENCY ABOARD!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES... OR THE CONCUSSION OF HIS FISTS WILL GET YOU!

BUT MOMENTS LATER...

THE ANNIHILATOR WALKED RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP! HE NEVER GUESSED THAT MONEY SHIPMENT WAS A DECOY!

IT MAY TAKE THE POLICE AND THE NATIONAL GUARD, BUT WE'RE GOING TO STOP THAT CREEP RIGHT NOW!

THIS IS THE PAYOFF! LET HIM HAVE IT!

CRACK!

BANG!

ZIP!

WHOOOSSH!

BUT AT INCREDIBLE VELOCITY, SUPERMAN STREAKS TO THE SCENE.

CEASE FIRE, MEN!... STOP, IN HEAVEN'S NAME!

SUPERMAN... USING HIS INVULNERABLE BODY TO PROTECT THE ANNIHILATOR! WHY?

CRACK!

POW!

BANG!

BLAM!

ZIII-IIPP!

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE RISKING! HIS BODY IS SATURATED WITH THE DEADLIEST EXPLOSIVES IN THE UNIVERSE!

ONE BULLET... EVEN A BLOW FROM MY FIST... COULD DETONATE HIM AND BLOW THE WHOLE WORLD TO KINGDOM COME... ME INCLUDED!

WHO NEEDS YOUR PROTECTION, SUPERMAN? I WARNED YOU THIS WORLD WASN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!

REMEMBER, I GAVE YOU 48 HOURS TO LEAVE EARTH... OR I'LL BLAST EVERY SIGN OF CIVILIZATION FROM THIS PLANET!

PLEASE... I-I STILL HAVE SOME TIME LEFT!

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

REMEMBER, MEN! DON'T INTERFERE WITH THE ANNIHILATOR!

GOOD ADVICE! I'M DYNAMITE! LIVING DYNAMITE, THAT IS... HA, HA!

IF HE CAN MAKE SUPERMAN THROW IN THE TOWEL, WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

SOON, IN A DISTANT ALLEY...

I'VE SWORN TO PROTECT EARTH... SO HOW CAN I LEAVE?

YET, IF I REMAIN, THAT KOOKY LIVING BOMBSHELL MIGHT BLAST THIS PLANET INTO A COSMIC DUST-NEAP!

I NEED TIME TO THINK! I'LL CHANGE TO MY CLARK KENT IDENTITY!

YES, THE FIRST THING I NEED IS A JOB...ONCE I'M A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN I CAN START SPENDING MY LOOT!

THIS NEWSPAPER GIVES ME AN IDEA!

SOON, AS KELLER LISTENS TO A RADIO BULLETIN...

...AND SINCE THE ANNIHILATOR MAY BE LIVING UNDER A SECRET IDENTITY, THE POLICE PLAN TO CORDON OFF METROPOLIS FOR A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCH.

THAT'S BAD. LIVING HERE ALONE, JOBLESS, I'LL ATTRACT SUSPICION.

BEFORE LONG...

AFTER ALL, I'M A BIOCHEMIST--THE WORLD'S GREATEST. I'LL PLACE AN AD IN THE DAILY PLANET FOR A JOB...UNDER A FALSE NAME, OF COURSE!

DAILY PLANET PUBLISHING CO., INC.

BUT INSIDE THE ADVERTISING OFFICE...

SORRY, SIR, BUT EVERYONE IN THE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT IS GONE FOR THE WEEKEND, SO WE CAN'T PLACE YOUR AD IN THE SUNDAY EDITION! HOWEVER--

BUT EVERY MINUTE COUNTS! I NEED THAT JOB QUICKLY!

WHAT?

ANGERED, THE ANNIHILATOR MAKES A SLIP...

MY ADVERTISEMENT *MUST* BE IN SUNDAY'S EDITION! I *INSIST!*

THE RESULT IS DEVASTATING...

BRAAAAAAMMM!!

MY EXPLOSIVE STRENGTH IS BECOMING MORE POWERFUL EVERY DAY! A MERE JAB OF MY FINGER WRECKED THIS PLACE!

I'D BETTER GET OUT... FAST! THAT MAN MAY BE *INJURED!*

BUT "THAT MAN" HAPPENS TO BE CLARK KENT...ALIAS SUPERMAN...

ONLY *THE ANNIHILATOR* COULD HAVE BOMBED THE OFFICE THIS WAY! NO USE PURSUING HIM... EVEN AS *SUPERMAN* I DON'T DARE LAY A HAND ON HIM!

I'M GLAD EVERYONE ELSE HAD LEFT FOR THE WEEK-END I'LL CLEAN UP THIS SHAMBLES AT SUPER-SPEED! FIRST I'LL WELD THIS DAMAGED DESK.

NOW TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THE CRUMPLED CABINETS...

...SO I CAN FILE THESE SCATTERED PAPERS AT SUPER-SPEED!

MEANWHILE, AS KELLER HEADS FOR HIS HIDEOUT...

WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T *POCKETBOOK PETE*-- *METROPOLIS'* RISING YOUNG PURSE-SNATCHER!

AND WE CAUGHT HIM WITH THE MEAT IN HIS MOUTH!

AH, YER FATHER'S MUSTACHE!

HMM... I COULD USE A KID LIKE THAT... AS PART OF MY "COVER" WHEN THE POLICE MAKE THEIR HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCH!

AS A LONER, I'D ATTRACT SUSPICION, BUT IF I HAD A SON...

I'LL START THE ADOPTION PROCEEDING... BY BLASTING DOWN THIS WALL!

KRUMMM PRR

RUMMMBBBLLLE!

THE WALL... IT EXPLODED!

THE DUST IS BLINDING ME! CAN'T SEE A THING! WHERE'S THAT PURSE-SNATCHING PUNK?

COME ON, KID! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE COPS SPOT US!

TALK ABOUT ESCAPE GIMMICKS! WHO ARE YOU, PAL? JAMES BOND? OR THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.?

I SAW YOU BLAST THAT WALL! ONLY **TWO** CATS COULD HAVE PULLED THAT STUNT! **SUPERMAN**—OR **THE ANNIHILATOR**...

RIGHT! NOW, LET'S SEE YOU FIGURE **WHICH** ONE I AM.

SUPERMAN WOULDN'T HELP A CROOK DUCK THE FUZZ! SO YOU MUST BE...

...**THE ANNIHILATOR!**

AS THE ANNIHILATOR EXPLAINS THE REASON FOR THE RESCUE...

YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO **ADOPT** ME? WHAT A BLAST! **ME,** THE SON OF A **SUPER-VILLAIN!**

TAKE ME TO YOUR PAD, DAD!

THIS WAY, SON!

BUT SOON...

YOU CALL THIS FLEA-BAG A **LAIR?** AN ARCH-CRIMINAL LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE SOMETHING **JAZZY**—LIKE **SUPERMAN'S FORTRESS!**

HMM! YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING, PETE!

GET WITH IT, POPS! **YOU'RE** THE CAT WHO ORDERED **SUPERMAN** TO LEAVE EARTH!

AS THE WORLD'S **TOUGHEST** VILLIAN, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO THE **CLASSIEST** PAD OF ALL! *THINK BIG!*

I **AM,** SON! I KNOW **JUST** THE PLACE!

STAY HERE, PETE! AND CATCH MY ACT ON CHANNEL 3 IN THIRTY MINUTES!

PRESENTLY, THE WALKING AMMO DUMP BLASTS HIS WAY INTO A TV STUDIO...

AND NOW TO CONTINUE OUR NEWSCAST --

YIIII! IT'S THE ANNIHILATOR!

JUST INTERRUPTING WITH A SPECIAL BULLETIN!

BLAM!

AS A SHOCKED WORLD LISTENS...

ATTENTION, WASHINGTON! AS OF TOMORROW, I'M MAKING THE WHITE HOUSE MY NEW HEADQUARTERS!

RESIST, AND I'LL EXPLODE WASHINGTON'S MOST FAMOUS MONUMENTS, ONE BY ONE!

HE'S A MADMAN! WE WON'T KNUCKLE UNDER TO HIM!

MEANWHILE, AT THE DAILY PLANET...

CLARK, GET DOWN TO WASHINGTON, AT ONCE! THIS COULD BE THE STORY OF THE CENTURY.

SUPERMAN CAN'T LET THE ANNIHILATOR TAKE OVER THE WHITE HOUSE WITHOUT A FIGHT!

CLICK

BUT IF I DO FIGHT, THE WORLD WILL BE SHATTERED LIKE A COLOSSAL HUMPTY-DUMPTY!

MEANWHILE, AS THE MIGHTY ANNIHILATOR PREPARES FOR HIS CRIMINAL MISSION...

LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD, DADDY-O!

ONE MOMENT, SON! I NEED A LITTLE PICK-ME-UP!

HMM! HE SEEMS TO BE GETTING A SPECIAL CHARGE OUT OF THOSE COLORED LIQUIDS! I'LL BET THEY GIVE HIM HIS EXPLOSIVE POWER!

MAN! I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I SEE HIM TAKE OVER WASHINGTON!

NEXT DAY, AS TREMORS ROCK THE NATION'S CAPITAL...

HE'S HERE, MR. PRESIDENT! THE ANNIHILATOR IS CARRYING OUT HIS THREAT. HE'S WRECKING ONE OF THE STATUES OF AMERICAN HEROES!

POWW! BLAMM!

SUPERMAN WARNED US NOT TO RESIST! BUT HE MUST HELP US...SOMEHOW! I'LL ACTIVATE THIS EMERGENCY ALARM!

BEEEPBEEPBEEEP!

SUPERMAN EMERGENCY ALERT

SECONDS LATER, AT SUPERMAN'S ARCTIC FORTRESS...

AN EMERGENCY SUPERSONIC ALERT FROM THE WHITE HOUSE! OUR MASTER, SUPERMAN, IS NOT RESPONDING!

BUT WE SUPER-ROBOTS ARE PROGRAMMED TO TAKE OVER IN HIS PLACE, IF NEED BE!

BEEPBEEPBEEP!

HOWEVER, AS THE ROBOTS STREAK OVER WASHINGTON...

GREAT KRYPTON! MY ROBOTS! I FORGOT TO DE-ACTIVATE THEM!

THE PRESIDENT'S ALERT MUST HAVE BROUGHT THEM HERE! I'D BETTER INTERCEPT THEM BEFORE THEY USE THEIR POWERS AGAINST THE ANNIHILATOR!

MICRO-SECONDS LATER...

IT'S OUR MASTER! BUT WHY IS HE ATTACKING US?

ULP! THEY'RE MY LOYAL ROBOTS, BUT I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE!

ANOTHER SLIP-UP LIKE THIS MIGHT RESULT IN THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF EARTH!

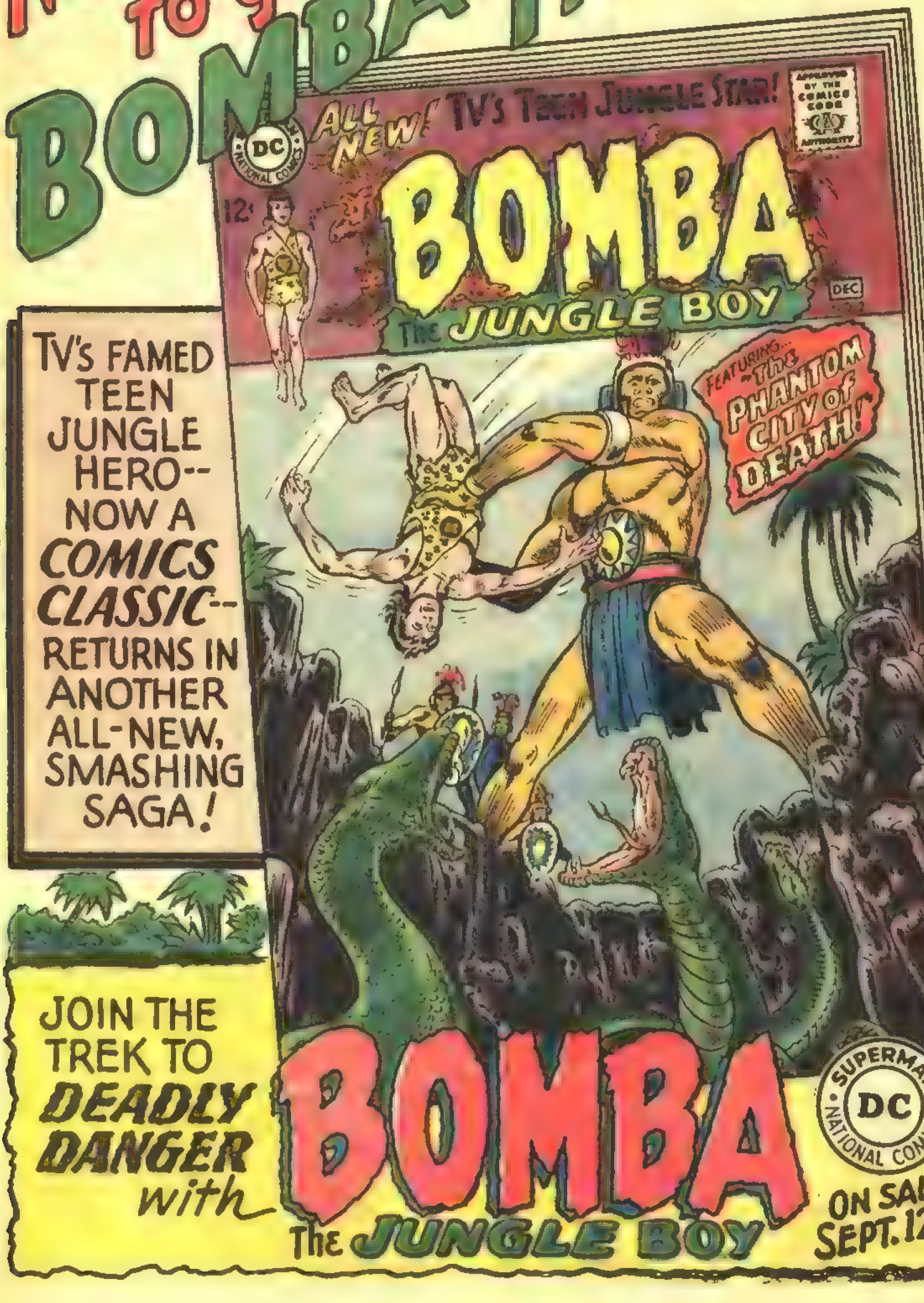
POW!

BAMMM!

KRUMPP!

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

Never too late... to get on the BOMBA TRAIL!



TV'S FAMED TEEN JUNGLE HERO-- NOW A *COMICS CLASSIC*-- RETURNS IN ANOTHER ALL-NEW, SMASHING SAGA!

JOIN THE TREK TO *DEADLY DANGER* with BOMBA The JUNGLE BOY

SUPERMAN • DC • NATIONAL COMICS

ON SALE SEPT. 12th

WOW! DIG THAT RAIN OF ROBOTS, POPS! SUPERMAN HAD TO CLOBBER HIS OWN TIN MEN TO PROTECT YOU!

HE'S SCARED STIFF THAT IF THEY USED THEIR POWERS TO STOP ME, I'D BLAST THE WHOLE WORLD TO SMITHEREENS!

CRASH!

MEANWHILE

SUPERMAN DIDN'T RESPOND, MR. PRESIDENT! AS HEAD OF THE SECRET SERVICE, I INSIST THAT YOU LEAVE WASHINGTON... FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, AND FOR THE COUNTRY'S GOOD!

VERY WELL! BUT ORDER ALL GOVERNMENT OFFICES EVACUATED AT ONCE!

AS WORD SPREADS THROUGH THE NATIONS CAPITAL...

CONDITION RED! REPEAT--CONDITION RED! EVACUATE ALL PERSONNEL...AND BURN ALL SECRET DOCUMENTS!

THESE PAPERS MUST BE TAKEN TO SAFETY! THEY'RE VITAL TO OUR NATION'S DEFENSE!

BUT I'LL DESTROY THESE OTHERS, SO THEY'LL NEVER FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS!

SOON, A MIGHTY EXODUS BEGINS...

ULP! THE ANNIHILATOR HAS TERRORIZED ALL WASHINGTON! THE POPULATION IS ABANDONING THE CITY!

AND WITH ALL MY MIGHTY SUPER-POWERS, THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!

AND AS WASHINGTON BECOMES A GHOST TOWN...

ATTENTION, ANNIHILATOR! THE WHITE HOUSE IS YOURS! BUT PLEASE...PLEASE...DON'T DESTROY OUR PRICELESS MONUMENTS!

YOU DID IT, POPS! YOU FORCED THE GREAT SUPERMAN TO SIT UP AND BEG!

YOU'VE MADE THE SCENE! IT'S ALL YOURS, DADDY-O! THE CLASSIEST PAD IN AMERICA!

YES, AND I HAVE ALL WASHINGTON AS MY PRIVATE ESTATE!

PRESENTLY

ME, IN THE WHITE HOUSE!

WELL, AS THE MOST POWERFUL MAN ON EARTH, IT'S THE LEAST I DESERVE!

LIKE I TOLD YOU, DADS, YOU'VE GOTTA THINK BIG... BIG... BIG!

BUT THEN...

HEY, THOSE THREE CHEMICALS I SAW THE OLD MAN SWALLOW YESTERDAY... I WONDER IF THEY REALLY DO GIVE HIM EXPLOSIVE POWER?

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!

MOMENTS LATER...

IT WORKS! THIS BOOM-BOOM KICK IS THE GREATEST!

BRAAAAM!

THAT BLAST...NOW I SEE WHAT HAPPENED! YOU DRANK THE *LAST* OF MY EXPLOSIVE CHEMICALS! THERE'S NOT A *DROP* LEFT!

DROP THE MAD, DAD! NOW I CAN **JOIN** YOUR FUN AND GAMES!

ALL RIGHT, SON! I'M GLAD TO SHARE MY SUPER-POWER WITH YOU.

COME ON...LET'S GIVE OUR NEW ESTATE, THE ONCE-OVER!

BARAAM

OKAY, DADDY-O. I'LL BLAST OPEN THE GATE!

THE ANIMALS IN THIS PET SHOP WERE FORGOTTEN DURING THE EVACUATION. THEY MAY DIE OF STARVATION UNLESS I LET THEM LOOSE!

I COULD CONTROL THEM WITH THESE CHAINS... WAIT! WHAT'S THAT NOISE OUTSIDE?

SUDDENLY...

LOOK, POPS! IT'S THAT CRUMB, *SUPERMAN*. YOU ORDERED HIM TO LEAVE EARTH AND HE'S STILL AROUND... TRESPASSING ON *OUR PROPERTY!*

THE ANNIHILATOR! AND THE YOUNG DELINQUENT WHO'S BEEN TAGGING ALONG AFTER HIM!

PET SHOP

PETE! I'VE CHECKED YOUR RECORD! YOU'VE ONLY BEEN A *PETTY THIEF* TILL NOW. BUT IF YOU HANG AROUND THIS *MANIAC*, YOU COULD WIND UP IN *BIG* TROUBLE... IF HE DOESN'T PAT YOU ON THE BACK AND BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM COME!

TRYING TO TURN MY SON AGAINST ME, EH? OKAY, *SUPERMAN*, YOU'VE HAD IT!

OWW! MY HAND!

I NEARLY BROKE MY FIST ON HIS JAW, BUT *SUPERMAN* NEVER EVEN BLINKED!

I DON'T GET IT! HIS EXPLOSIVE POWER SHOULD HAVE BLASTED ME OFF LIKE A ROCKET! BUT IT FELT AS IF HE HIT ME WITH A WET NOODLE!

SPLAT!

WHAT'S THIS? THE *KRYPTONIAN* EXPLOSIVES I SWALLOWED ALWAYS GAVE ME THE POWER TO BLAST YOU HIGHER THAN AN H-BOMB BLAST!

BUT SUDDENLY YOU'VE FIZZLED LIKE A DUD FIRECRACKER! I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER.

WHUNK!

THUMP!

CONTINUED DOSAGE WITH THOSE CHEMICALS BUILT UP YOUR BODY'S *RESISTANCE* TO THEIR SUPER-BLAST EFFECT!

IT WORKED THE WAY A *SERUM* BUILDS UP A BODY'S RESISTANCE TO *DISEASE*.

YOU'RE WASHED UP, *ANNIHILATOR!*

SNAP!

KNOCK THE BRACELETS OFF, BIG DADDY, MUSCLEMAN, OR I'LL SLAM THAT BLUE BELLY OF YOURS WITH SOMETHING THAT'LL *REALLY* GIVE YOU *INDIGESTION!*

IF *HE* HITS *ME*, IT MAY BE *GOODBYE, SUPERMAN...*

...BUT IF *I* EVEN JOLT *HIM*, IT COULD BE *GOODBYE, EARTH!*

OOOO...

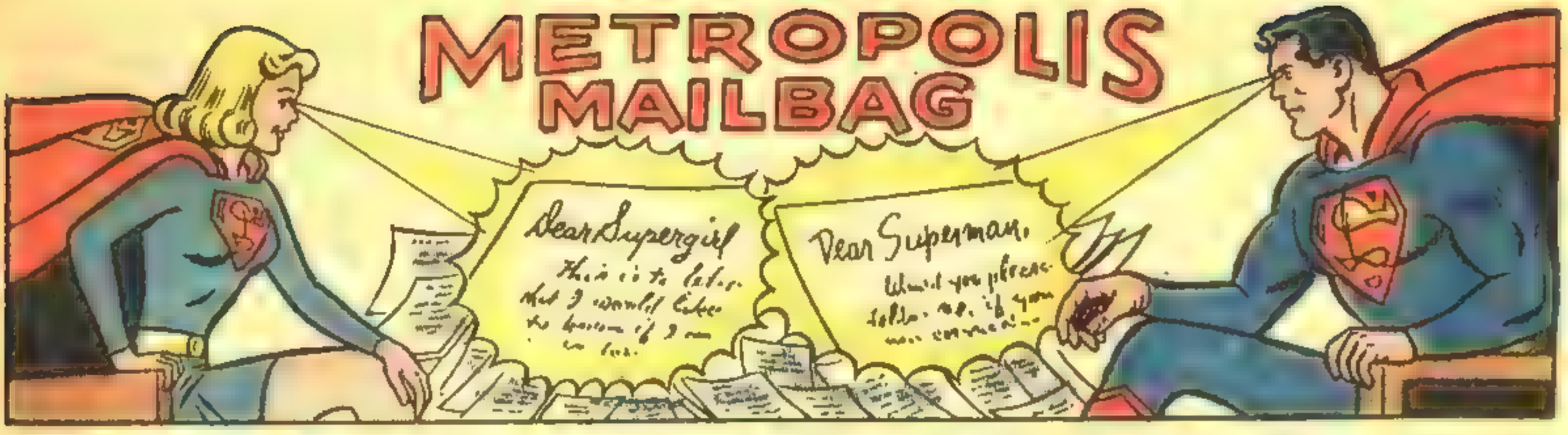
NO YOU DON'T, *SUPERMAN!* MAYBE POPS RAN OUT OF HIS BIG BOOM... BUT *I'M* STILL LOADED WITH THE STUFF... *LIKE SO!*

OH, NO! THERE GOES THE *WASHINGTON MONUMENT!*

KA-POW!

WILL SUPERMAN BE FORCED TO *KNUCKLE UNDER* TO THE POWER IN A *TEEN-AGER'S KNUCKLES?* HANDLE THE NEXT ISSUE OF *ACTION* WITH CARE! IT WILL BE FULL OF THE MOST EXPLOSIVE EXCITEMENT YET... IN THE *MAN OF STEEL'S* SENSATIONAL SHOWDOWN WITH POWER-PACKED PETE, THE *JUNIOR ANNIHILATOR!*

THE END



Dear Editor:

I thought the Parasite was a bad cookie, but Zha-Vam has him beat by a wide margin. The Parasite is small potatoes compared to the powers and wickedness of Zha-Vam. The Parasite only clobbered Superman for one issue, yet Zha-Vam went through three issues, completely disgracing the Man of Steel. If you ask me, Superman will be lucky if he ever again gains the respect he had before battling this multi-multi-powered villain. Anyway, no matter what happens, I'll always be a Superman fan.

—Dan Dias, Santa Clara, Calif.

(The Parasite is going to get a chance to prove himself a greater no-goodnik than Zha-Vam very soon, when he has a return match with the Man of Might. Watch for it.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

On page 2 of ACTION No. 352, Superman has a full-size model of the Empire State Building, which, he says, has 102 stories. But in the last panel it only has 51 stories. How come? —Jeff Mazo, Eugene, Ore.

(Our artist ran out of ink.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

Since Supergirl's parents had monitored Superman's feats in Argo City before it perished, why couldn't they contact him and ask him to help save the city? Even if it was under a red sun, he could have sent his robots to do the job.

—Ophelia G. Ortiz, Brooklyn, N.Y.

(They could monitor Superman's feats, but hadn't found a way to send a message to him. However, he actually went to Argo City when he was Superboy. That story will be coming up in an early issue.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

I know Comet the Super-Horse is Supergirl's pet and Krypto is Superman's dog. But who do the other Super-Pets, Streaky and Super-Monkey, belong to?

—Lois Humburd, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

(Streaky is Supergirl's cat. But Beppo the Super-Monkey is on his own, as King of the African Jungle. And any lion who protests that *he* is King of the Beasts is apt to get a punch in the nose.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

What I've always liked about DC Comics was their touch of realism. Well, I think you have lost it. Lately every villain has been billed as Superman's most fantastic foe. What ever happened to Luthor, Brainiac, Bizarro, and the Phantom Zone villains? They all had origins and reputations which added realism to the stories. That's what your new villains lack.

—M. Richerson, Wichita, Kan.

(How do you think the old-time villains got their reputations? They had to have a start. Give the new villains a chance, will you?—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

At the bottom of the first page, you always have a paragraph ending with: "The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this issue are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred." How, then, can you show such people as Allen Funt and President Johnson in your mags?

—Eddie Newton, San Jose, Calif.

(The same way we can mention your name in this issue, Eddie. You're not entirely fictional, are you?—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

I enjoyed your Zha-Vam tales and liked the way the writer used the theme of the ancient gods' jealousy. One thing bothered me, though. It was the words. "After all, Hercules never lifted a world." If I am correct, he did lift the world—or rather the heavens, which is what Atlas was actually supposed to have lifted—during his quest for the Golden Apples of the Hesperides. He asked Atlas to get the apples for him. Atlas agreed, but only if Hercules would hold up the heavens while he was gone. Rat-fink that he was, Atlas later refused to take back his burden, so Hercules asked him to hold it for a second while he got a cushion for his shoulders. Since Atlas was a little shy in the brains department, he fell for it, and the freed Hercules bade him a fond adieu.—Bob Muschal, Decatur, Ill.

(But Hercules only supported the heavens for a short time, while Atlas did it for centuries. We think that still leaves Atlas as the greatest "hold-up" man of all time.—Ed.)

Dear Editor:

Since Clark (Superman) Kent is often troubled by people who conveniently have X-ray guns or other similar devices which enable them to see the Superman outfit under his street clothes, why doesn't he take off the costume, compress it to handkerchief size, and put it in his pocket? Because of his lightning speed, he wouldn't lose any time changing costumes.

—Patricia McKay, Filer, Idaho.

(But what would he do if Lois Lane asked to borrow his handkerchief?—Ed.)

Send all comments, preferably on a postal card, to METROPOLIS MAILBAG, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include your Zip Code with your return address.

SUPERGIRL

FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET? NO! THE BULLET'S FASTER! MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE? WRONG! THE LOCOMOTIVE HAS A DEFINITE EDGE! ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS AT A SINGLE BOUND? OOPS! SHE DIDN'T MAKE IT! YES, IT SEEMS SUPERGIRL WILL SOON BE FRESH OUT OF SUPER-POWERS! WHAT HAS CHANGED THE GIRL OF STEEL TO...

The GIRL OF STRAW!

THIS TEST PROVES WHAT I'VE SUSPECTED FOR SOME TIME... I'M LOSING ALL MY SUPER POWERS!

YES, SUPERGIRL, I'M AFRAID IT'S TRUE! NOW PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A TERRIBLE SHOCK, WHEN I TELL YOU THE INCREDIBLE REASON WHY!

SUPER POWERS TESTER

INVULNERABILITY — LOW

STRENGTH — WEAK

HEAT VISION — POOR

LATE ONE NIGHT, AT STANHOPE COLLEGE...

I FINALLY FINISHED THAT VITAL MISSION OVERSEAS! NOW TO SWITCH BACK TO MY SECRET IDENTITY OF LINDA LEE DANVERS!

NEXT MORNING...

YAWN WHEW! THAT'S ODD! I ACTUALLY FEEL EXHAUSTED THIS MORNING...WHICH SHOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE, FOR A SUPERGIRL!

MAYBE I WAS UNKNOWINGLY EXPOSED TO *GREEN KRYPTONITE* LAST NIGHT, AND I STILL HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM ITS WEAKENING EFFECTS YET! AT ANY RATE, THE FEELING SHOULD ONLY BE TEMPORARY!

LATER, AS LINDA FINISHES HER FIRST CLASS FOR THE DAY...

NEXT TIME WE'LL BEGIN REVIEWING THE CHAPTERS ON *SPELEOLOGY*, IN PREPARATION FOR YOUR NEXT EXAM. CLASS DISMISSED!

SPELEOLOGY -- THE SCIENCE OF CAVE EXPLORATION! THAT REMINDS ME... DICK MALVERNE'S GEOLOGY CLASS IS SUPPOSED TO BE STUDYING A NETWORK OF CAVES JUST OFF THE CAMPUS TODAY!

I'LL USE MY *TELESCOPIC VISION* TO SEE HOW THEY'RE--*GREAT KRYPTON!* THEY'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER!

THAT PREHISTORIC *MOLE-CREATURE* IS ABOUT TO ATTACK THEM! I MUST SWITCH TO *SUPERGIRL* IMMEDIATELY!

MERE PULSEBEATS LATER...

SUPERGIRL'S HERE! SHE'LL SAVE US!

I DEALT WITH THE MOLE-MONSTERS ONCE BEFORE...AND THEY WERE NO MATCH FOR MY SUPER-POWERS. SO POLISHING OFF THIS ONE SHOULD BE LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!

HERE'S WHERE I GIVE THIS OVER-GROWN PEST A LESSON IT'LL NEVER FORGET!

BUT, AS THE GIRL OF STEEL DELIVERS A MIGHTY ROUNDHOUSE RIGHT...

I-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THAT PUNCH COULD HAVE KNOCKED OUT TEN CASSIUS CLAYS, YET IT HAD NO EFFECT ON THAT THING AT ALL!

WHAT'S WITH *SUPERGIRL*? HAS SHE LOST HER PUNCH?

RELAX! THE CREATURE WAS JUST LUCKY THAT TIME! *SUPERGIRL* WILL FLATTEN IT IN A SECOND!

I WISH I WERE AS CONFIDENT AS DICK! IT LOOKS LIKE MY MYSTERIOUS FEELING OF EXHAUSTION HAS ALSO AFFECTED MY STRENGTH!

I'LL HAVE TO USE A DIFFERENT TACTIC!

HURRY...ALL OF YOU! USE THIS TUNNEL I'M DIGGING TO ESCAPE INTO AN ADJOINING CAVE!

THAT'S FUNNY! *SUPERGIRL* IS SO UNSURE OF HERSELF SHE WANTS TO GET US TO SAFETY BEFORE SHE TACKLES THAT MENACE AGAIN!

MAYBE *SUPERGIRL* ISN'T ALL SHE'S CRACKED UP TO BE! IT LOOKS LIKE THAT MOLE MONSTER IS TOO TOUGH FOR HER!

MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE CAVE HAS BEEN CLEARED...

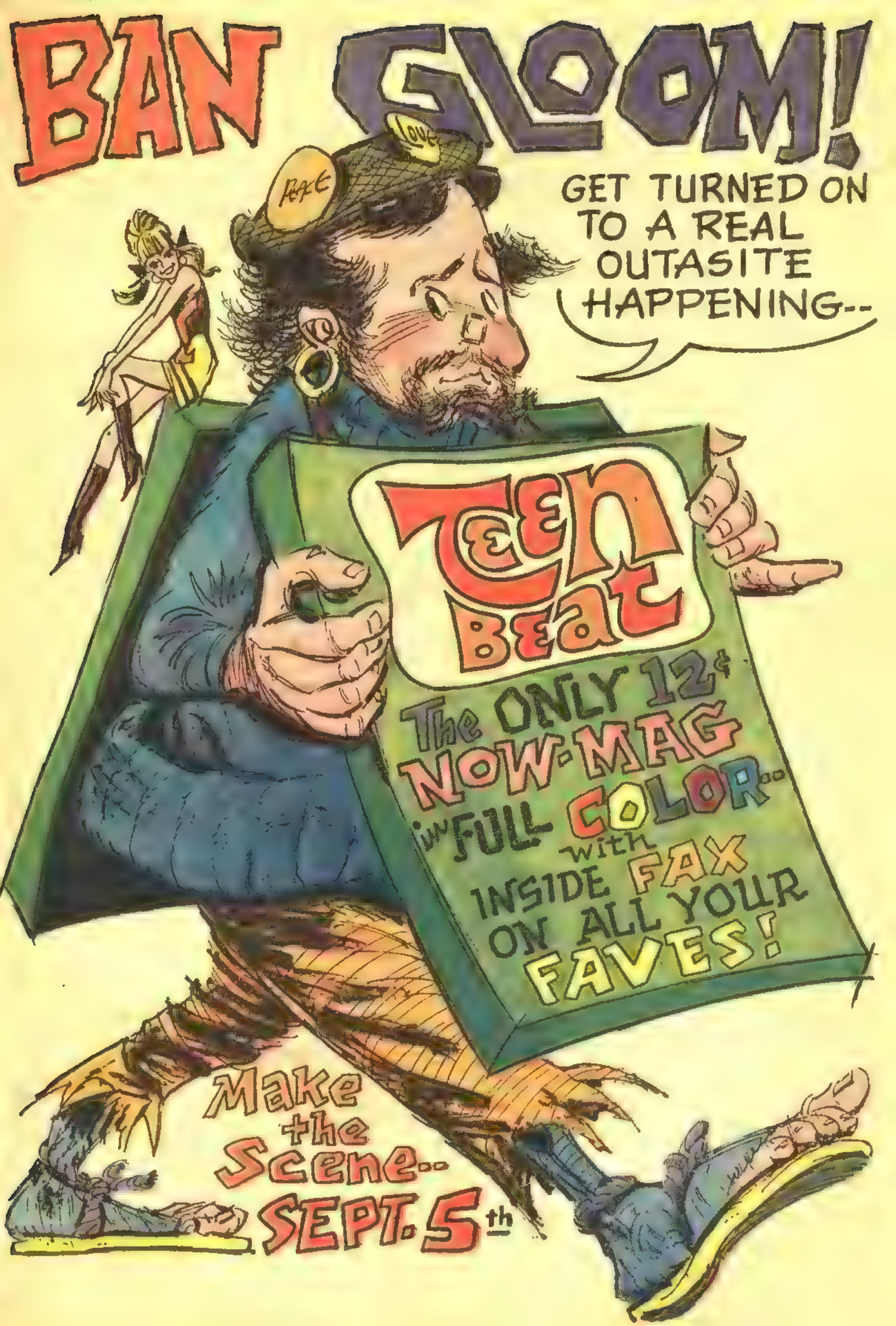
SINCE I'M TOO WEAK TO SUBDUE THE CREATURE, I'LL SEAL OFF THE CAVE WITH TONS OF COMPRESSED ROCK. THAT WAY IT WON'T BE ABLE TO BORE ITS WAY THROUGH AND MENACE ANYONE AGAIN!

THIS COULD BE SERIOUS! THE EFFECTS OF *KRYPTONITE* NEVER LAST THIS LONG. THE CAUSE OF MY MYSTERIOUS AFFLICTION MUST BE SOMETHING ELSE! BUT *WHAT*?

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

BAN GLOOM!

GET TURNED ON TO A REAL OUTASITE HAPPENING--



Teen Beat

The ONLY 12¢ NOW-MAG in FULL COLOR-- with INSIDE FAX ON ALL YOUR FAVES!

Make the Scene-- SEPT. 5th

MAYBE I'LL... WAIT! THERE'S *COMET*, MY SUPER-HORSE! THIS WILL BE A GOOD OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE MY POWERS ANOTHER TEST!

LET'S GO, *COMET!* GIVE ME A SUPER-RIDE I'LL NEVER FORGET!

SUPERGIRL SEEMS TO BE IN A PLAYFUL MOOD! WELL, SHE WANTS A RIDE... SO HERE GOES!

WITH A DAZZLING BURST OF SPEED, THE SUPER-STEED STREAKS FAR ABOVE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...

SO FAR SO GOOD... HAVEN'T SUFFERED ANY ILL-EFFECTS YET!

THIS METEOR BOMBARDMENT SHOULD LIVEN THINGS UP!

UHHH! NORMALLY, A METEOR STORM LIKE THIS WOULDN'T EVEN MAKE ME BAT AN EYELASH! BUT NOW, IN MY WEAKENED STATE, I'M BEING BATTERED INTO NEAR-UNCONSCIOUSNESS!

THE SUPER SPACE-ROMP CONTINUES, AS THE SUPER-DUO HEADS INTO UNCHARTED SPACE...

HOLD ON, *SUPERGIRL!* WE'RE GOING TO PLOW THROUGH THAT UNSTABLE STAR, WHICH IS ABOUT TO EXPLODE INTO A *SUPER-NOVA!*

OH-OH! IF THERE EVER WAS A TEST OF MY SUPER-ENDURANCE, THIS IS IT!

THE AWESOME FORCES RELEASED BY THE MIGHTY EXPLOSION AFFECT THE **SUPER-MAID** AND HER SUPER-MOUNT A DIFFERENT WAY...

I HAVEN'T HAD THIS MUCH FUN IN A LONG TIME! I MUST DO THIS MORE OFTEN!

>GASP< -- THIS TEST CLINCHES IT! I-I'M ONLY A **SHADE** OF MY FORMER SELF! I'LL BE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF THIS FIERY MAELSTROM ALIVE!

FINALLY, LONG, AGONIZING MINUTES LATER...

WELL, THAT'S THAT! WHAT'S OUR NEXT CAPER, **SUPERGIRL**?

CAN'T LET HIM SEE THE CONDITION I'M IN.

ER, I JUST REMEMBERED I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT, **COMET**! M-MAYBE WE CAN ROMP TOGETHER AGAIN SOMETIME!

SUPERGIRL WAS ACTING MIGHTY PECULIAR! IF THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG, SHE SURE DIDN'T WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT IT!

THAT NIGHT, BACK AT STANHOPE...

THIS HAS BEEN THE MOST **MISERABLE** DAY OF MY LIFE! IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE MY POWERS ARE >CHOKE< **FADING** AWAY! WELL, PERHAPS I'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S REST!

DAWN FINALLY COMES, AFTER A LONG, SLEEPLESS NIGHT...

IF ANYTHING, I FEEL **WORSE** THAN I DID YESTERDAY! AND TODAY, OF ALL DAYS ...

I'M SUPPOSED TO ENTERTAIN THE KIDS AT **MIDVILLE ORPHANAGE** WITH A DEMONSTRATION OF MY SUPER-POWERS! I CAN'T DISAPPOINT THOSE ORPHANS... THEY'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS FOR WEEKS!

LATER, AT MIDVALE ORPHANGE, WHERE SUPERGIRL HERSELF ONCE LIVED AS ORPHAN LINDA LEE...

GEE, MRS. HART, WHERE'S *SUPERGIRL?* YOU SAID SHE *PROMISED* TO COME THIS AFTERNOON!

SHE WILL, CHILDREN! SHE PROBABLY HAS SOME IMPORTANT MISSION TO COMPLETE FIRST!

Y/PEE! HERE SHE IS!

HOORAY!

MIDVALE ORPHANAGE

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET THE CHILDREN DOWN *SUPERGIRL!*

FIRST, I'D LIKE TO BORROW YOUR *YO-YOS!*

SURE... TAKE MINE!

HERE'S MINE, *SUPERGIRL!*

I'LL GET THIS ONE STARTED...

...THEN GO TO...

...THE NEXT!

I CAN DASH FROM ONE YO-YO TO ANOTHER...

...BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE...

...TO FALL!

WOW! SHE'S MOVING SO FAST IT LOOKS LIKE THERE ARE *SIX* OF HER!

THEN, AS THE MAID OF MIGHT GETS ANOTHER PROP...

NOW I'M GOING TO USE THIS STEEL SHEET TO *PITCH HORSESHOES!*

HUH? HOW CAN SHE DO *THAT?*

FIRST I TOSS THE SHEET...

AND NEXT I CARVE OUT THE SHOES WITH MY HEAT VISION!

THAT'S ENOUGH! NOW I'LL DIRECT THEM WITH MY SUPER-BREATH!

GOL-LEE! NEARLY ALL THE HORSESHOES ARE *RINGERS!*

BUT THEY SHOULD *ALL* HAVE BEEN... AND ... I'M *OUT OF BREATH!*

SUDDENLY...

SUPERGIRL? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HEY! IS THE SHOW OVER *ALREADY?*

WHERE'S SHE GOING?

I-I DON'T HAVE THE *STRENGTH* TO GO ON... MUST GET AWAY... FIND *SUPERMAN!* HE CAN HELP ME... I HOPE!

MIDVA ORPHAN

DELIRIOUS WITH PAIN, HER POWERS FADING, SUPERGIRL SEARCHES FOR HER COUSIN...

OHHH! CAN'T... MAKE IT... I'M LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS... EVERYTHING'S GETTING BLACK...

LOOK, DEAR! ISN'T THAT-?

IT'S SUPERGIRL! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HER! WE'D BETTER NOTIFY THE AUTHORITIES!

MINUTES LATER, AT THE DAILY PLANET IN METROPOLIS, CLARK KENT HEARS A RADIO BULLETIN...

FLASH! SUPERGIRL HAS BEEN SEEN FALLING, IN A HILLY, WOODED AREA NORTHEAST OF MIDVALE!

GREAT KRYPTON! I'D BETTER SWITCH TO SUPERMAN AND GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!

AFTER SECONDS OF SUPER-SPEED FLIGHT...

THERE SHE IS... BUT AM I TOO LATE? I DON'T SEE A SIGN OF LIFE IN HER!

THANK THE STARS SHE ISN'T DONE FOR YET! I'VE BEEN DREADING THIS DAY... BUT I KNEW IT HAD TO COME!

IT WILL BE TOUGH FOR ME TO TELL HER THE TRUTH! BUT I CAN'T KEEP IT FROM HER ANY LONGER!

MINUTES LATER, INSIDE SUPERMAN'S SECRET FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE IN THE ARCTIC...

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO REVIVE HER TEMPORARILY... IF THIS DEVICE WORKS!

OHHH! SUPERMAN— THANK GOODNESS YOU FOUND ME! I'VE BEEN GROWING WEAK... MYSTERIOUSLY!

I KNOW, SUPERGIRL... AND I KNOW WHY! BETTER BRACE YOURSELF FOR WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU!

"AS YOU KNOW, MY UNCLE, ZOR-EL, LIVED IN ARGO CITY, A CITY OF KRYPTON WHICH SURVIVED THAT WORLD'S DESTRUCTION BECAUSE OF A PLASTIC DOME THAT COVERED IT. ZOR-EL WATCHED MY CAREER ON EARTH WITH A MONITOR..."

TOO BAD MY BROTHER, JOR-EL, DIDN'T LIVE TO SEE HIS SON GROW UP TO BECOME EARTH'S GREATEST HERO!

"THEN ONE DAY, ZOR-EL HAD AN INSPIRATION..."

IF THIS PROJECT GOES AS PLANNED, SUPERMAN WILL SOON HAVE A NEW SUPER-HELPER!

"FINALLY, AFTER MANY WEEKS OF TEDIOUS WORK..."

AT LAST--MY SUPERGIRL ANDROID IS COMPLETED!

WHEN I SEND IT TO EARTH, MY SUPER-NEPHEW WILL BE IN FOR QUITE A SURPRISE!

"AND SO HE PLACED THE ANDROID IN A SMALL ROCKET THAT WAS SET ON A COURSE FOR EARTH..."

I CONSTRUCTED MY ANDROID SO INTRICATELY AND AUTHENTICALLY SHE DOESN'T EVEN SUSPECT SHE ISN'T ALIVE! SHE EVEN HAS HUMAN EMOTIONS! SO I PROGRAMMED HER TO BELIEVE SHE'S MY DAUGHTER!

SUPERMAN! ;SOB< TELL ME IT ISN'T TRUE... IT JUST CAN'T BE THAT I'M NOT HUMAN!

LATER, WHEN ZOR-EL CAME TO EARTH, HE TOLD ME THE TRUTH! THAT ANDROID IS YOU! I'M SORRY, SUPERGIRL!

ZOR-EL SAID THAT YOUR POWER-SOURCE WOULD EVENTUALLY BURN OUT! I'M AFRAID THAT TIME HAS COME NOW, SUPERGIRL!

NO, NO... NO! I WON'T BELIEVE IT!

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

I USED AN ENERGIZING-UNIT TO REVITALIZE YOU TEMPORARILY... BUT YOU STILL HAVE NO MORE THAN AN HOUR OR SO BEFORE YOUR CIRCUITS BLOW COMPLETELY!

M-MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE...

IN A STATE OF SHOCK, THE GIRL OF STEEL SPEEDS AWAY FROM THE FORTRESS... TO STANHOPE COLLEGE...

CHOKE: IF WHAT SUPERMAN SAYS IS TRUE, THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME I'LL EVER SEE STANHOPE!

SUDDENLY, THE FATAL MOMENT COMES...

UHHH! A TERRIBLE NUMBNESS...AND FEELING OF EMPTINESS...COMING OVER ME! I-I GUESS... THIS IS...THE END!

IT'S H-HARD TO BELIEVE... THAT I WAS NEVER REALLY ALIVE...THAT I'M JUST AN... ANDROOO!!D!

THEN, SUDDENLY, THE SCENE FADES, AND, IN CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT...

NO... NO... NO! IT'S NOT TRUE! SUPERGIRL CAN'T BE GONE!

WHEW! THAT WAS ONE OF THE MOST HORRIFYING NIGHTMARES I'VE EVER HAD!

BUT THE WHOLE THING ...SUPERGIRL'S WEAKNESS... MY REVELATION THAT SHE WAS AN ANDROID... WAS JUST A DREAM!

SOON...

SUPERGIRL AND I ARE DUE TO TEAM UP FOR A VITAL MISSION TODAY! I'LL GET A REAL CHUCKLE WHEN I TELL HER ABOUT MY NIGHTMARE!

BUT WHEN SUPERMAN REACHES THE PRE-ARRANGED RENDEZVOUS POINT...

THAT'S ODD! SUPERGIRL ISN'T HERE!

IT'S NOT LIKE HER TO BE LATE WITHOUT NOTIFYING ME!

COULD SOMETHING HAVE HAPPENED TO HER? I'D BETTER SEARCH AND--

OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE! I MUST BE HAVING HALLUCINATIONS!

IT WASN'T A DREAM! SUPERGIRL ACTUALLY WAS AN ANDROID!

THIS JUST ISN'T POSSIBLE! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE... IMPOSSIB.....

NO, SUPERMAN! I'M ALIVE... I'M...

GREAT KRYPTON! I'VE BEEN DREAMING!

SO SUPERMAN'S NIGHTMARE WAS REALLY A DREAM WITHIN MY DREAM! AND I WAS ACTUALLY DOING THE DREAMING ALL THE TIME!

BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW... PROVIDED I'M NOT A PART OF SOMEONE ELSE'S DREAM! HA, HA!

YOU MAY HAVE GUESSED THIS STORY WAS A DREAM, READER... BUT WEREN'T WE SNEAKY WITH OUR DOUBLE-DREAM THEME?

The End

DIRECT CURRENTS

Felicitations, fans! Here's a fantabulous new feature YOU will help create . . . the first in a scintillatating series we call (for now) DIG WHAT'S COMING! However, if you have a better title, send it our way and, if we use it, you'll get $5! But that's not all! Submit an original gag to plug our mags and we'll pay $5 and the original art if it's printed! So get those ideas rolling in!

SGT ROCK of EASY COMPANY meets his toughest opponent on the field of battle . . . HIMSELF! It all happens in a searing tale of shattering action you will never forget! It's called "SHADOW OF A SERGEANT!" You'll find it in the **December** issue of **OUR ARMY AT WAR, No. 187,** on sale Oct. 3.

The **January ATOM, No. 34,** is the BIG issue—in more ways than one! Because in it, the WORLD'S SMALLEST SUPER-HERO clashes with the "BIG GANG"—BIG HEAD, BIG DEAL, BIG WIG, BIG SHOT, BIG CHEESE and BIG BERTHA! And believe me, our six-inch hero has to do some TALL hustling this time! On sale Oct. 3.

Run for your lives, you ravin' readers! Here come the wildest, way-outest cycle-neurotics who ever hopped a HARLEY or a HONDA! They're "THE GHOST RIDERS OF GASOLINE GULCH." And when **BOB HOPE** and TAD get involved with this black-jacketed bunch, the laughs hit on all cylinders, in the **January** issue, **No. 108,** on sale Oct. 3.

THE ADVENTURES OF
BOB HOPE
JAN 12¢
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! HERE COME THE WILDEST BUNCH OF CYCLE-NEUROTICS WHO EVER HOPPED A HONDA!... The GHOST RIDERS!
HI, THERE! IS THIS THE YOUNG MEN'S CYCLING SOCIETY? I'LL BET YOU HAVE A DANDY INITIATION!

Make way for the most stunning shocker of the year! How come this stone-like villain, whom the natives call SEEKEENAKEE, knew more about the CHALLS than they did themselves? How could he foresee their every plan and circumvent it? "THE PETRIFIED GIANT," in the **January CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN, No. 59,** on sale Oct. 3.

It's DOWN . . . DOWN . . . and AWAY for **SUPERBOY** when he loses his powers 1,000 feet above SMALLVILLE! He can't fly . . . he's not invulnerable . . . and the town seems to rush up toward him at dizzying speed! What can possibly save the EX-BOY OF STEEL from a CRASHING END? Find out in the **December** issue, **No. 143,** on sale Oct. 5.

ROBBY REED may be spinning his H-DIAL for the last time when he battles "THE MICRO-MONSTERS!" in the **December HOUSE OF MYSTERY, No. 171.** Meanwhile, the MANHUNTER FROM MARS has his hands full with "THE MARTIAN MARAUDERS," a gang of baddies from his native world, who are trying to take over Earth! On sale Oct. 5.

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